

The Emerging Republican Purgatory— *The Editors*

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COMMONWEAL

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ROBERT B. MILLER & PHIL TRACY

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Confessions of a Radical-Liberal

PETER STEINFELS



ELIZABETH
MINOT GRAVES

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NEWS & VIEWS

Self-Censoring AP

For further evidence of the intimidating effect which the Nixon-Agnew axis has had on the media, check back on the September *AP Review*, 'underground' publication of employees of the Associated Press.

In it, angry newsmen vent their feelings over internal censorship of reporting out of Indochina, a policy born with a story written by Peter Arnett, two-time Pulitzer Prize winner for his war coverage.

Arnett, who is now back in the U.S., was with a U.S. unit of 25 tanks which rolled into Snoul, Cambodia, on May 6. Arnett described how the GIs found the town 90 percent destroyed from U.S. airstrikes the day before; how they tore down the Cambodian flag which flew over the district capitol; and how they looted "the few shops still undamaged."

That wasn't all.

"The GIs relaxed and began methodically searching through the ruins," Arnett wrote. "One soldier gleefully ran from a burning Chinese noodle shop with his arms full of Cambodian brandy. A Vietnamese interpreter hauled a case of soft drinks to a tank. Other GIs smashed open the door of a small wooden shop and discovered clocks, watches and electrical equipment inside . . ."

Arnett reported that the troops looted for an hour and a half before an officer ordered: "Get your hands off that stuff, we're moving on." Arnett noted that "the troops, in a jubilant mood, laughed and loaded the booty into their vehicles."

Arnett's story went clattering over the Saigon teleprinter. But before it was relayed to U.S. newspapers which take the AP service, all references to the looting at Snoul were bluepenciled out. The foreign editor of AP's domestic newswire gave

his blessing to the exciting, and fired off a cable to reporters at the front informing precisely what the foreign desk wanted from Saigon. The directive:

"WE ARE IN THE MIDST OF A HIGHLY CHARGED SITUATION IN UNI-STATES REGARDING SOUTHEAST ASIA AND MUST GUARD OUR COPY TO SEE THAT IT IS DOWN THE MIDDLE AND SUBDUES EMOTION. SPECIFICALLY TODAY WE TOOK LOOTING AND SIMILAR REFERENCES OUT OF ARNETT COPY BECAUSE WE DON'T THINK IT'S ESPECIALLY NEWS THAT SUCH THINGS TAKE PLACE IN WAR AND IN PRESENT CONTEXT THIS CAN BE INFLAMMATORY."

AP employees cry foul, and well they might. It's a preposterous directive, one such as Mr. Agnew might have written himself.

Media integrity was dealt another blow when ABC blacked out the halftime show of the 100-piece University of Buffalo marching band, arranged for the network's regionally telecast Buffalo-Holy Cross football game.

The show focused on war, racism and pollution, featuring animated formations of a peace symbol, an exploding bomb and a smoke-belching factory. Musical selections included "We Shall

Overcome" and "Eve of Destruction."

An ABC spokesman said the network considered the program a political demonstration. So off turned the cameras.

Tricking the Media

Speaking of the media, one was almost embarrassed for them, so badly were they sucked in on Richard Nixon's Anaheim appearance the Friday before elections.

Lured by White House "hints" of a presidential statement of major importance, the media responded with an advance publicity which money could not have bought.

Afternoon newspapers, like the *Pittsburgh Press*, front-paged plans for Anaheim and said that Nixon would really be "taking off the gloves," particularly after the egg-ing the night before in San Jose.

Walter Cronkite believed, and reverently announced on CBS Evening News that Nixon had cancelled other business for the day in order to prepare the Anaheim statement.

The air of expentancy was akin almost to the hours before John F. Kennedy's Cuban missile-crisis speech, when the media was drumming up an audience for the Kennedy announcement.

Even WQXR, the worldly-

wise radio outlet of the *New York Times*, was had. It dwelt during the evening on the address which network TV would be carrying at 11:30 p.m., and speculated that Nixon would be amplifying on a meeting earlier that day of Attorney General Mitchell and representatives of the nation's police chiefs.

As things turned out, it was a hoax—a minor hoax, but hoax nonetheless. The White House had exploited the media to gain a maximum audience for what was an unblushing political rally. The fact that the time was bought on one network redeemed nothing. The White House was playing election politics.

Radio station KCBS in San Francisco caught on fast and cut the President off the air. Station officials explained that they had been led to believe by White House sources that the speech would be a non-political statement on violence. Instead it got Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, several thousand hysterical voices in the background—and Dick Nixon at his trickiest. The President got bleeped.

Well, all's fair in love, war and partisan politics, I suppose. So, if the President can get a little more yardage out of a political appearance—well, that's one bonus of being President.

But, by indulging in duplicity, or being party to it? That's something else.

There must be an FCC regulation that says something about using political office or official government position to supercharge paid-time advertising. I'll bet, however, it won't be searched out.

Odds and Ends

—Poor Arthur Goldberg. As gubernatorial candidate he was still so anonymous on election night that in announcing the Rockefeller victory, Walter Cronkite called him "Arthur Rosenberg." JOHN DEEDY



Peterson, Vancouver Sun, Canada

CORRESPONDENCE



The American Heritage

Longview, Wash.

To the Editors: In his conclusion to "The Politics of Resentment" [Sept. 25] Michael Novak quotes Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the effect that Americans are all descended from revolutionists. That quote seems inappropriate in an article that attempts to glorify the Democratic party, a party which is, essentially, reformistic. HENRY R. KORMAN

Dream Phantoms

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In this—or other—time, it is lightly insipid that we force feed our moral conceits into the "anti-feminist" strains of *Catch-22* ["Is *Catch-22* Male Chauvinist?"—October 16]. Dreedle's WAC is no less accessible as a responsive organism than is Dreedle. Only Yossarian as the sleeping dreamer must agonize on the level of human and moral consciousness in this dream of war. *All* others have opted not to awake, to exert the effort of human and moral consciousness—their only function is within the amoral illusion. Not now distinguishable by sex, they are dream phantoms of a corporate war. JOSEPH GELLER

Mindless Males

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Phyllis Holzschlag is unjust to the makers of *Catch-22* when she describes its decerebration of women as "unconscious" [Oct. 16]. First the prudes and now the pornographers have slighted the tragedy of segregating men at the age of courtship and marriage, and thus segregating their physical from their personal relationships with women. *Catch-22* portrays subjectively (though perhaps it should have stated more explicitly) the effect of this divorce: it is the male who is rendered mindless and passive rather than passionate.

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THE EMERGING PURGATORY

The election has delivered us neither to heaven nor hell but purgatory. Limbo, some say. But the coming months are not apt to be so painless. The supposedly silent majority has spoken, rather quietly as it turned out, and in a confused sort of way. The men who all along insisted on speaking for that majority, Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew, now appear a little foolish. If that looks like egg on the President's face, it is himself and not unruly students at San Jose who put it there.

Considering the choices the campaign had posed, the electorate did not do badly, certainly better than the politicians. But while both sides can (it seems) win an election, at the same time the nation can lose. That is the danger now.

The Republicans, of course, will suffer for their sins. Whatever the exact place of Kevin Phillips' battle plan in White House thinking, that Richard Nixon saw his historical vocation in restoring the GOP to the place of majority party has always been apparent. That is why he took the risk of descending into a mid-term campaign—descending being the appropriate word in this case. But his goal is almost irretrievably compromised; no matter what happens in the 1972 presidential race, for instance, the Senate which takes office four years from now will certainly be Democratic. Meanwhile, the President has sacrificed the prestige and aura of his office; as the election closed, voters were treated to the strange sight of Edmund Muskie acting like the anointed Incumbent while Nixon played his old role of the scrambling Pol.

The Republicans are justified in claiming an ideological victory in the Senate. The small shift will make a difference on crucial issues like defense spending, missile development, and approval of Supreme Court nominees. But it does not help the party much in charting its future. The President may head once more for the high ground, and give Spiro Agnew new marching orders. The "social issue" can be set aside for the economic one, namely unemployment and inflation. Or at least that can be done on paper.

In practice, the economic issue may simply be intractable for the Republicans. Originally they promised to do away with inflation without causing significant unemployment. Instead, they have stimulated unemployment without doing away with inflation. Given the steep economic expansion needed to bring down unemployment rates sufficiently for an "economic-issue" GOP campaign in '72, the mere appearance of an effort to reduce unemployment will spur inflationary policies in the business community, which all along

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has doubted whether the Administration would stick with its anti-inflation measures. On the other hand, a continued assault on inflation will keep the economy limping, drive unemployment rates higher, and lead to labor-Administration conflict over the wage hikes the unions feel are needed to compensate for the higher cost of living, both past and anticipated.

Stumbling on the economic front, will the Republicans revert to Agnewizing? The ugly possibility might be a continued campaign of lawnorder, witchhunting and xenophobia, making this year's episode look like rational discourse. The tactic was no great winner this time around; but the Administration, reasoning like our generals in Vietnam, may just decide to try harder. And in its massive campaign chest, it has the wherewithal.

The Democrats are strong on leaders but weak on leadership. The notion that the party has no presidential candidates hardly fits the facts: George McGovern, Ramsey Clark, John Gardner, Sargent Shriver, Birch Bayh, Harold E. Hughes, Humphrey, Kennedy, and Muskie make up as likely a list of possibilities as a party out of office is commonly able to present two years before the fact. The question is whether this caucus of candidates may not paralyze the party. If between now and convention-time, 1972, it puts its best energies into intra-party negotiations at best and tribal warfare at worst, it will forfeit the opportunity it now has to take the initiative from the White House.

The election raised questions not only about the candidates, issues and parties, but also about the electoral process itself. Money and television were the two factors (inextricably linked) which threaten to distort electoral democracy beyond recognition. Not that it has been proven that money and TV spots always win; they clearly don't. TV commercials have not always succeeded in selling Brand X soap either. The point is that if candidates are sold like soap, citizens may come to think of them like soap—and few of us would be willing to abide by crucial decisions pronounced from the soap dish. The TV blitz, along with the Nixon blitz, may

have accounted for the large voter turnout. Yet one had the feeling that even as more people voted, more people voted with that cynicism characteristic of a shopper who knows how often Truth-in-Packaging is violated.

The grave problems the U.S. faces—the war, the division of races, the scandal of poverty, the threat of a new arms race, the protection of rights, the flagging economy, decaying cities, unworkable health system—all were submerged by the more primitive questions that the Administration brought to the fore. The election proves that Americans don't scare easily. That is something. But the genuine issues, material and spiritual, that have this nation's soul in tatters, remain to be faced.

B IS FOR BUCKLEY

The election in New York deserves to be buried with a quip of John Roche's for epitaph: "The difference between liberals and cannibals is that cannibals eat their enemies."

When Buckley, James L., was elected Senator from New York by 40 percent of the vote, it was recalled that Buckley, William F., had recently argued that the Marxist Salvador Allende, having been elected only by a minority, should be barred from the presidency of Chile. Mr. Buckley, William F., apparently does not feel the same way about the minority election of his elder brother, Mr. Buckley, James L. Senor Allende's brother has not been heard from.

Big Brother Buckley is, of course, entitled to his post, just as President Allende is to his. Whether the New York branch of the Christian Democrats ought to ask Buckley for constitutional guarantees is another matter.

As for the gubernatorial race, the Democrats made a number of errors. For one thing, Arthur Goldberg seriously overestimated the zombie vote. Pitching an entire campaign toward one group is never wise strategy.

Where are you, Tammany, now that we really need you?



BLARNEY OUT OF THE BARREL OF A GUN CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND

On the evening of Saturday, April 18, 1970, the telephone rang in the home of Peter Berry, Secretary of the Department of Justice in Dublin. When he picked up the extension in his bedroom Berry recognized the voice of a senior minister of the government, Charles J. Haughey.

"You know about that cargo that is coming into Dublin Airport on Sunday?" Haughey asked.

"Yes, Minister."

"Can it be let through on a guarantee that it will go

direct to the North?"

"No."

"I think that is a bad decision," Haughey said.

Berry did not reply.

"Does the man from Mayo know?" Haughey asked.

Berry knew that the "man from Mayo" was the Minister for Justice, Michael Moran, a country lawyer who in politics used the Gaelic form of his name, Michéal O Moráin.

"Yes," Berry replied.

"What will happen when it arrives?" Haughey asked.

"It will be grabbed," Berry said.

"I had better have it called off," Haughey said and rang off.

Haughey at the time was the Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of Jack Lynch, Prime Minister of the Republic of Ireland. Within 12 days he had been fired from his post along with another senior member of the Cabinet, Neil Blaney. Moran resigned as Minister for Justice. And a fourth Cabinet member, Kevin Boland, Minister for Local Government, quit in sympathy with Haughey and Blaney.

Thus began the greatest crisis in the history of the Irish state since it was established following the partition of Ireland in 1921.

The cargo was a consignment of arms from Vienna. Moran knew nothing about it until after the event when he was told by Berry, the top career man in the department, that "a ring of steel" was around the airport waiting for the cargo to seize it.

That weekend an intelligence officer of the Irish army, Captain James Kelly, was in Vienna checking on the arms which were crated in a Customs warehouse. With Kelly was a Belgian businessman, Albert Lukyx, now a naturalized Irish citizen. Kelly was checking the arms—10 crates of pistols—and Lukyx was his interpreter. On Sunday he telephoned Haughey's secretary for instructions and on Monday the secretary called him back with word from Haughey that the deal was off. "OK. Understood," Captain Kelly replied and returned to Dublin.

Actually no arms came to Ireland. In March Captain Kelly, who traveled to the continent three or four times during the early months of 1970, had tried to send the cargo by boat from Antwerp; but the Belgian customs balked. There was a suggestion that British counterintelligence had its eye on the cargo too and was putting up quiet roadblocks to halt delivery to Ireland.

On April 23, Blaney, Captain Kelly, the Director of Intelligence, Col. Michael Hefferon, and the Minister for Defense, James Gibbons, met in Government Buildings, Dublin, to discuss the failure of the arms scheme. They also learned that the Special Branch of the police, which deals with political crime, was questioning civil servants, Irish Airlines employees, and army officers about the arms shipment. By the end of the month all of them—Capt. Kelly, his superior Col. Hefferon, and Blaney—were out of their jobs, except Gibbons, who made a special report to Prime Minister Lynch on the whole affair.

Some weeks later Haughey, Blaney, Captain Kelly and a Belfast man, John Kelly—who had been chairman of the ad hoc Citizens Defense Committee in the Northern Ireland city during the riots of 1969—were arrested and charged with conspiring "to import firearms and ammunition illegally into the State." After a sensational trial, which was interrupted when the judge withdrew

because he felt he had been insulted by defense counsel and a new jury was sworn, the four were found not guilty and carried shoulder-high from the court by their supporters.

The defense was that the arms had been purchased with the knowledge and approval of the government. They were for use in the ghettos of Northern Ireland, where the minority Roman Catholics had been subjected to killings and house-burnings by Paisleyite and Orange mobs during the summer of 1969. The Defense Committees were a response to those attacks. They organized the setting up of barricades and smuggled in small lots of arms to defend themselves.

In the emotional wave that swept Ireland after the August riots in Derry and Belfast, in which more than a dozen people were killed, the government in Dublin was under extreme pressure to do something about the situation. All it could think of doing was to send the Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Paddy Hillery, to the United Nations to complain to the Security Council. But he was neatly sidelined by the British representative, Lord Caradon, who said that Northern Ireland was "an internal matter" as far as Britain was concerned and therefore not the concern of the United Nations.

Some members of the Dublin Cabinet, notably Blaney whose constituency backs Derry City, wanted more direct government involvement. During the course of the Haughey trial it was clear that discussion of the Northern Ireland situation took up much of the Cabinet's time. A sub-committee was established of Haughey and Defense Minister Gibbons to oversee relief measures. As ex-Justice Minister Moran told the court: "Yes, Haughey was given authority, himself and Mr. Gibbons, to do anything, get anything that was required." At some stage, apparently, someone decided that guns were required.

Captain Kelly was a 21-year-veteran of the Irish army. He had been the assistant of the Director of Military Intelligence for nearly half that time. He had also been editor of an army theoretical journal and a United Nations observer in the Middle East. In August of 1969 he went to Derry and Belfast to see for himself what was happening. He met members of the Defense Committees and found out some of their needs. One of those he met was a namesake, John Kelly, a 34-year-old former Irish Republican Army man who had spent six years in Belfast Prison in connection with a guerrilla campaign waged by the I.R.A. in Northern Ireland during the late 1950s. The two Kellys became close friends. Most of the actual planning of the arms purchase was done by them.

Captain Kelly returned to Dublin and reported to the Director of Intelligence. He also reported to Messrs. Blaney and Gibbons and on occasion Haughey. Blaney was the big man in the Cabinet as far as the North was concerned. As an Ulsterman—he represents Donegal in the Dáil—he felt keenly both partition and the trauma

of the minority in Northern Ireland. One witness called him "a crazy man" on the subject. At one point from party headquarters in Dublin he got the police to halt Gibbons who was driving through Kildare to insist—according to Gibbons—that he order the army to send 500 rifles to Dundalk, near the Republic-Northern Ireland border, for distribution to people in the North should trouble break out. Gibbons complied. But the rifles were returned to Dublin within a couple of days. And Lynch knew nothing about the matter.

Haughey, conceded by everyone to be the most brilliant member of the government party, is cool, not crazy. Whatever he did he did with his eyes open. He had expected to succeed his father-in-law, Sean Lemass, when he retired as prime minister a couple of years ago. But Lynch, a quiet man and former star hurler and Gaelic footballer, got the job. Not everyone trusted Haughey at the time. At 45, he has turned his politics and accountancy to good measure for himself and is reputed to be very rich. But now that he has become "a conspirator," and in the time-honored way of Irish politics he may well oust Lynch.

Lynch brought the charges against his colleagues and it is difficult to see how he can continue as party leader. The credibility of the government has been sorely dented, and the Northern Unionist Party, which was tottering under the impact of the civil rights agitation, has been given a new lease of life. Indeed it is difficult to see how Lynch's party—Fianna Fail, which President de Valera founded 43 years ago—can continue in office. The truth is it can't—but there is no alternative. If Fianna Fail doesn't split, it will stay in power.

The main opposition, Fine Gael, is rather ineptly led by Liam Cosgrave, son of the first President of the Irish Free State, William T. Cosgrave. (Many Irish politicians are the sons of politicians. Blaney is the son of a de Valera stalwart and so is Kevin Boland who retired in protest at the arrest of his colleagues, charging that the Special Branch on Lynch's orders was tapping Ministers' telephones.) It is more conservative than Fianna Fail and has little appeal to the workers in the cities or the small farmers of the West. Conor Cruise O'Brien's Labor Party is top-heavy with talent but has few Dáil members and is not very united because of left-wing suspicions.

Although the Belfast government will be sure to use the Dublin trial for a propaganda field day—after all, the guns were to be used in Northern Ireland, as everyone agrees—there was a great deal of make-believe about the arms project from the beginning. Apparently delegations from the Northern Defense Committees came in Dublin to plead with government ministers to send them help. They wanted arms for defense. The ministers promised them heaven and earth, witnesses at the trial said, but in the end gave them nothing.

Even the arms shipment that caused all the fuss never

reached Ireland. And if it had arrived, the Special Branch would have seized it. So it seems that Messrs Haughey and Blaney will have built themselves a "national record" rather easily.

One reason that the government listened to the Northern delegations at all apparently was to outmaneuver the left leaders of the rights campaign.

The radicalization of the civil rights movement in Northern Ireland under the influence of young Socialists like Bernadette Devlin, Eamonn McCann, chairman of the Derry Labor Party, and Michael Farrell, an instructor at Belfast's College of Technology, was hardly to the liking of Haughey and his friends in Dublin, who are considered to be the right wing of the ruling Fianna Fail Party. To Bernadette and those who think like her, all Tories are equally objectionable whether colored green, orange or red.

Fiercely non-sectarian, the young Socialists—nearly all of them students loosely organized in a body called People's Democracy—sought to break down religious barriers by taking their social and economic demands to the Protestant working class in order to woo them from the Tory Unionists. The Rev. Ian Paisley got in first with his anti-Romanist message and he was tilling far more fertile soil. The students had no success.

They also made forays into the South, denouncing restrictive clauses of the State Constitution in regard to religion and personal liberty and proclaiming their goal of an all-Ireland Socialist Republic. "We do not want reform of Northern Ireland," Farrell said. "We want revolution in Ireland."

Despite the rhetoric, the Socialism of the students is quite non-doctrinaire and they have made their mark in both parts of Ireland. They present a logical case for the unification of Ireland as a Socialist Republic, the only concept that can ever reconcile Protestant workers to the ending of partition because of their historic fear of Catholic control.

The sectarian tide in the wake of the Paisleyite attacks on the Catholic ghettos of Belfast in August, 1969, swamped the young Socialists. Haughey's agents moved into the North surreptitiously with counsel and money. There was \$240,000 of Dublin government funds available, according to testimony at Haughey's trial. It was processed through the Irish Red Cross and placed in dummy accounts in the Republic. Every penny was spent, much of it on the abortive arms mission. Thus Haughey and his friends neatly took the play away from the young Socialists and the radical Republicans among the minority Catholics in North Ireland. But his success ended in the debacle of the arms conspiracy trial and it probably spells disaster for the civil rights movement.

SEAN CRONIN

(Sean Cronin, a member of the staff of the Newark Evening News and a previous contributor, has just returned from Ireland.)

The first task in creating an effective bogeyman is choosing the name, and it is interesting that Spiro Agnew chose "radical-liberal." It is interesting, first of all, because of the names he did *not* choose. He did not imply his opponents were soft on Communism or socialists of the creeping variety; he did not settle, as George Wallace or Barry Goldwater might do, for "liberal" *tout court* (which, in their cases, implies all the former anyway). Presumably, then, a liberal is a legitimate member of the commonwealth—a good apple, to speak in Mr. Agnew's terms—and it is the "radical" which supplies the necessary taint of rottenness.

If the Vice President, like Joe McCarthy, had set himself to ferreting out obscure bureaucrats or bullying private citizens, his bogeyman might have taken on a certain life. Bogeymen are always most effective in the dark. Unfortunately, it was election time; the Vice President had to be more specific. Were the Democratic candidates—distinguished old-timers, party hacks, or ambitious millionaires—to be considered *radicals*? Even when the average citizen holds the average politician in contempt (which is quite often), it is apt to be the familiar sort of contempt as befits, say, a disreputable brother-in-law. To believe that such a person is the occult force behind crime in the streets, pornography, drugs and long hair—well, that was a little much.

It was to the advantage of Democratic spokesmen to deride the radical-liberal as a creature that never was, let alone had anything to do with their candidates. Mr. Agnew's radical-liberal was indeed a fantasy, and the voters saw it as such; but it was not a fantasy of so pure a quality as Martha Mitchell's "liberal Communists." When it comes to imagination, Mr. Agnew is not in the same league with the Republican Party's contribution to Women's Lib. Not only does the term radical-

RALLY 'ROUND, RADICLIBS

PETER STEINFELS

liberal predate the needs of Nixon campaign oratory, it comes closer than any other term to describing a political stance which does in fact exist.

In 1966, before Vice President Agnew was even a glint in the eye of Strom Thurmond, a professor of philosophy and Democratic activist, Arnold Kaufman, wrote a lengthy article in *Dissent* magazine titled "Where Shall Liberals Go? A Call to Radicalism." Kaufman argued that liberals must steer a course between the "politics of pseudo-realism" and the "politics of self-indulgence"; and he employed the term "radical-liberal." When his article appeared in book form, it was titled *The Radical Liberal*.

I do not mean to identify the radical-liberal with Kaufman's particular formulation, or pin down a radical-liberal political philosophy at all, though that would be a helpful exercise. Like most living, breathing political creatures, the radical-liberal is a bundle of principles, biases, experiences, and dispositions. He is the product of the civil rights struggle and the opposition to the war. The first alerted him to the ugly underside of the generally liberal history of America; the second posed the issue of complicity in criminal acts: both made him keen to the limits of compromise. The radical-liberal believes in individual rights and the defense against tyranny which historically undergirds the best of American liberal principles; in brief, he retains a concern for the procedural framework of politics. But he knows that no procedural framework is neutral, certainly not

ours; nor has change in a procedural framework (and the interests favored by it) usually come without pressure, sometimes of the violent sort, on the peripheries of the framework.

The radical-liberal, like the liberal, thinks that politics can only do so much. He is sceptical about "revolution" in any traditional sense, but history seems too uneven for him to be a simple gradualist, or automatically to rule the revolutionists out of the discussion. Within its limited scope, at any rate, politics could do far more than it presently does to make a decent, humane life possible for most people.

There is more than one way of being a radical-liberal. Some are more shaped by Marxism and the socialist tradition; some by old-fashioned populism; some simply by a temperamental revolt against injustice. They are not a party of saints. They suffer the weaknesses of all hyphenated creatures, either of falling between two stools or of hopping back and forth from one foot to the other as fashion and necessity demand.

The recent election campaign has shaken down the radical-liberal camp a good deal. So have the attacks from those who consider the "liberal" half of that term as much a taint as Spiro considers the "radical" to be. The radical-liberal, unlike the liberal, did not gain in the election; he merely survived it. The questions he was asking were largely avoided by both sides in the campaign. Yet it seems to me that these questions remain *the* questions American politics must answer.

It was not until the Vice President made me look again that I realized that if I must be labeled in politics, radical-liberal probably comes closest to the label I would prefer. Like so many other labels which were first given currency as terms of opprobrium, like Yankee, Dreyfusard, intellectual, radical-liberal could yet enjoy a proud future.

SEX, SEX, SEXZZZZZZ

THE GREAT AMERICAN VULGATE WILL NOT BE SATISFIED FOR LONG WITH MERE VOYEURISM . . . DESENSITIZATION WILL DEMAND MORE PARTICIPATORY APPROACHES

ROBERT B. MILLER

The time is 11:00 p.m. The place, a locked meeting room with heavily draped windows in a luxury downtown apartment building in Minneapolis. Six people, three men and three women, are sitting crosslegged on a circle of pillows, and attempting to express their feelings about what they have been viewing and experiencing during the last two hours. What they have been viewing is erotic art and pornography in the form of slides and films accompanied by rock music and occasional commentary by two instructors, nicknamed Goldie and the Guru. What they are feeling is more difficult to express. The music ends, and another tape begins. This time the sounds are a succession of moans and groans, the ecstatic cries and laughter of people, mainly women, in orgasm.

No one says anything. For several hours we have viewed films and assorted forms of sexually stimulating material brought together in a packaged program from the National Sex and Drug Forum of San Francisco. We are studiously preoccupied looking at our hands or staring at the floor. After all, what is there to discuss other than the relative advantages of various copulative and oral-anal positions? Finally, I glance around the group until I catch the eye of someone to whom I can direct a remark. Across from me is a woman, a Women's Lib as she later identifies herself, who looks up; so, running my finger around the inside of my collar, I say, "Well, I . . . ah . . . can see how these movies can appeal to men, but I wouldn't think there could be much in them for women." My remark is punctuated by a particularly vibrant female groan from the tape. "Oh, I

wouldn't say that!" she responds immediately. "I can get just as turned on as any man."

Everyone returns to hand study. But not for long. The Women's Lib continues, "Of course, most of this stuff is crude, but it's wrong to think that pornographic material has no turn-on for women." The other two women agree, and we are off to a lively expression of feeling, talking about the differences between art and pornography (the latter requires a sex act between an unmarried couple, or if the couple is married the act must be bizarre or deviant), comparing films and bringing up our individual systems of belief and mythology regarding the sexuality of men and women.

"Did you really think *that*?"

"I didn't know men thought (did) *that*!"

"Sex is actually not so beautiful!"

"It's not the same thing without love."

"When I masturbate I tell myself . . ."

The women generally agree that *The Unfolding*, a short black and white movie about sex fantasies and love-making produced by the National Sex and Drug Forum, is by far the best. The film is artfully done, they say—in fact, it was directed by a woman choreographer—and it is tender. The Guru, it develops, has the male lead in the film, and from that moment on he becomes in the minds of some of our participants a charismatic exponent of *l'art*. He is a poetic lover and rhythmical copulator. The men view him somewhat differently, but not without a grudging admiration born of a squidgin of jealousy.

What I am describing is one of a series of small group discussions that took place during a three-day sex conference sponsored by the American Lutheran Church Headquarters, Minneapolis, and staffed by two instruc-

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tors from the National Sex and Drug Forum. It was attended by about 50 people who came expecting to hear they knew not what—perhaps academic lectures on programming in sex education. The first hint that something different might be in store came when we walked into the conference room. The windows were blacked out and the doors were locked. Slides of erotic art and pornography were being projected one after another—sometimes three at a time—on a screen while the taped voice of an evangelistic preacher came on strong extolling the rewards of free sexuality and condemning the pollution of sex with business preoccupation, ambition, morality, religion and other social distractions. He preached a “Christian” doctrine which disclaimed all anti-sexual, unnatural interpretations of Scripture.

The tape played on as people seated themselves uncertainly around the room, most of them moving and placing chairs in a maze that supported an illusion of non-presence or, at most, casual attentiveness. The latecomers were forced to sit or lie on pillows directly in front of the screen, which now reflected psychedelic lights in addition to changing scenes—mostly Far Eastern—of copulation, genitalia, oral-anal contacts and sundry erotica. Some people nervously nodded to others they recognized and spoke earnestly of the weather, vacation plans and job changes. The screen, however, was like a magnet. Many people resisted gazing directly, but frequent glances were quite obvious. A few persons just sat in unabashed, open-mouthed naiveté staring at the screen.

After about 30 minutes of agonizing strain, the tape stopped and one of the instructors, Goldie, shuffled in front of the screen, which now showed only one slide, an erect penis and testes in bronze, a backdrop which remained in view throughout Goldie’s lecture.

Goldie proved to be the quintessence of studied informality. Standing with his shoulders slightly hunched forward in his turtle-neck shirt, his hands placed in his rear pockets, he proceeded to introduce himself and the Guru and to give some of the history of the National Sex and Drug Forum. His speech was hesitant, low-keyed and unemotional, that is to say, almost ludicrously incongruent with the tense mood of the group. And he came across as aloof and distant. He sprinkled his remarks with all the words in the street lexicon of sex, pronouncing them casually but clearly. The purpose of our meeting, he explained, was to satiate our curiosity about sex until we could discuss the subject honestly, matter-of-factly and without embarrassment and myth-sustaining euphemisms. A second purpose was to demythologize sex so that we might view it in its proper perspective.

And what is the proper perspective? He defined sex as a basic human behavior that has been corrupted, castigated and misused in every culture known to man, and he defined human sexuality as a four-phased, cyclical

process: 1. excitation, including all those fantasies, thoughts, ideas and external stimuli which excite. 2. plateau, meaning copulation or other sexual practices occurring with or after foreplay in which there is a commitment to orgasm. 3. orgasm, the most exquisite human experience. 4. resolution, that is, the interpretation, the result and the integration of the orgasmic experience.

He asked that during the conference people observe one rule: refrain from injecting moral questions into considerations of sex. The search was for an understanding of sex as a natural, human behavior and for a reexamination of our attitudes, hangups and repressions. He reviewed selected data in the Kinsey studies and the Masters and Johnson material, the point being made that moral codes, however widely promulgated, are universally disregarded. Therefore, they must be considered anti-human.

By this time people were beginning to relax. The speaker, after all, was fully-dressed, and even the phallic backdrop had become an accepted part, so the speaker, of the room decor. Sex activity, in the most extrapolated sense of the term, is just another natural behavior like eating and defecating. Man is simply an orgasm-seeking animal whose only commitment is to himself; so his obligation is to attain a natural understanding of sex without artificial moral impositions. There is, in fact, no danger of sexual revolution. Attitudes are changing, people discuss sex more openly in families and other interpersonal contexts, and the media are saturated with sexual miscellanea; yet people do not really change their patterns of sexual behavior. Statistics on extra-marital coitus are the same today as they were 20 years ago when Kinsey first tabulated them. The only significant behavioral change since then is that young unmarried women are now masturbating more frequently.

The lecture goes on and on in this quasi-clinical vein. We are given all manner of crucial facts. A man masturbates 1524 times before marriage—a woman 300 times. Homosexuality should present no great problems. It is merely a sexual preference which need have nothing to do with morality, law or psychotherapy. The mores of prostitution, however, are changing. The brothel is gone. The call girl and street woman are in. Studies of prostitutes, by the way, show that these girls have been defamed by most of the professional, and all of the popular, literature for a long time. Despite the horror stories having to do with white slavery, women choose the profession for two reasons; money and enjoyment. All of the redemptive programs designed to save the young girl from a life of sin are doomed to failure because she does not want or need vocational rehabilitation. She is already skilled in at least one straight occupation, and is therefore able to change careers at any time she pleases.

The lecture completed we return to more movies interspersed with sensitivity discussions and a novel parlor game called *Fetish Day* at the Flea Market. We are re-

quired to place on a display table items which turn us on sexually, e.g., pictures, perfume bottles, incense, chewing gum, books, clothing, any kind of material, so that the instructors can sort through them and comment on the bizarre, the universal and the period pieces, much in the manner of a museum guide. The movies are not just dull. They pall. They lack variation, innovation, art and style, and I begin to experience the same soporific feelings I once felt as a child watching a threshing machine work over a field. There are, after all, only so many openings in the body and, therefore, a quickly reached limit to sexual variety. But now we are playing

Fetish. Goldie is commenting on a picture of bed linen someone tore out of a Sears Roebuck catalog. He says that clean linen and an attractively made up bed are sexually stimulating to many women, a fact which the conferees dutifully write into their notes.

I have long since arrived at the point of saturation to which the instructors are attempting to bring the group, and even the small-group sensitivity sessions, which began in an aura of anxiety and pain, have become excursions into ennui. Many others are obviously sharing my feeling. There is much yawning, stretching and sighing. However, some of the people are all wound up in some kind of

Another Viewpoint

The National Sex And Drug Forum

From the specter of slump-shouldered men lurking in the shadows of a playground lispng "feelthy peectures" to the children passing by to the more sophisticated fear of de-romanticizing sex into just another biological function, the subject of sex education sparks just about every type of notion possible, except the one that fits most often. Which is that sex education in most places just doesn't exist.

The National Sex and Drug Forum is a little known group specializing in radically new approaches to sex education. Located in San Francisco, the church-related group (partially funded by the Glide Methodist church) has developed a mixed-media, controlled environment approach to the topic of sex. While the Forum employs some fairly controversial techniques in order to teach people about sexual practices and get them to open up their feelings toward their own sexuality, the overall effort is both serious and professional.

The Forum's co-founders, Ted McIlvenna and Joel Forte, are both professionals with wide ranging backgrounds. McIlvenna is a minister of the Methodist church, a sociologist and a designer of educational and social information systems. Forte is an M.D., a criminologist and a specialist in the field of public health. McIlvenna's speciality is sex, while Forte is the authority on drugs. The programs on sex and drugs are usually run separately. The sessions generally last all weekend and the registration fee is in the area of \$25. Forum sessions are only open to professional people whose work somehow involves the helping or counseling of other people.

The mixed-media techniques the Forum employs include the use of slides, films, tapes, music, discussion groups, reading material and the sexiest damn water bed this side of the Pecos. All the material is of a highly erotic nature. The different elements are com-

bined in such a manner as to complement and intensify each other. An erotic film may be running at the same time that multiple slides are being shown, while a tape of the sounds of a couple making love will be intertracked with the latest Rolling Stone's album. Discussions are held in semi-circles with participants sitting around the floor. The program is usually held in a specially-designed "awareness room" which contains soft rugs, large pillows and the aforementioned water bed. The walls are sculptured and have a projection-surface quality. At any one time several things will be going on at once.

Initial reactions to erotically stimulating material generally follow the same pattern. Since most people, especially professional people, have been taught to associate erotic material with sexual deviation, there is a momentary embarrassment. The program is structured to alleviate most of these inhibitions by a series of prior discussions designed to defuse the more threatening taboos which have been culturally built into our psychic make-up. Embarrassment is generally followed by a high degree of interest and a concomitant sexual stimulation. This lasts anywhere from ten to thirty minutes. After that, the sheer repetitiousness and tedium of most of the material leads to boredom. Moral repugnancy, which might legitimately be an expected reaction at some point during the sessions does not generally develop. The more common reaction, after prolonged exposure to such material, is a psychic withdrawal or "objectification" of what is being presented. The material is there and one studies it much as you might study the mating customs of an aboriginal tribe. This tendency, however, seems to give way after a period of time, at least according to the findings of a study McIlvenna and the Forum did on behalf of the Commission on Pornography and Obscenity.

That study, which was conducted over a period of 18 months, surveyed individuals who had already participated in the Forum's program. The results were quite contrary to what had been anticipated. Over 90 percent of the 300-plus who responded, indicated that

other-world ecstasy. Their excitement grates on the rest of us, and as I look at them I see they are the same people who become unplugged in any milieu which places a premium on feeling. In everyday circumstances they are curiously inhibited, lacking in wit and bereft of spontaneity. Yet in the contrived environment of a sensitivity or encounter group they can sustain a childlike enthusiasm that would be pitiable if it were not so crashingly inappropriate. They insist upon saying more than they know and to express with adolescent fervor the most limpid thoughts. It is impossible for rational, objective people to communicate meaningfully with them because

within the subjective-mystical-astrological-ESP atmosphere of the sensitivity session reason and the ordinary intellectual processes of speech and thought do not apply. Objective reality does not count. Gut-level understanding (whatever that is) becomes a slogan and a goal. What one feels at this moment within this emotionally cleansing group is all that matters.

"We have just got to do more about sex," observes one of the faithful.

"I agree! Isn't it wonderful to be so open? It's so beautiful!"

"And beneficial!"

the use of sexually explicit material had helped them overcome personal hang-ups and had been of great assistance to them in their professional dealings with other people. Considering that the group surveyed was one-third people in health sciences, one-third clergy and one-third educators, such an overwhelming approbation does seem startling. Additional findings indicated that most of the respondents agreed with the Forum's three basic assumptions that: "The most significant factor in sex education is that sex can be talked about casually and non-judgmentally. Individuals should be allowed meaningful exposure to a realistic objectification of the range of behavior into which their own experiences and those of other humans fall. The person who teaches, counsels or gives advice (regardless of professional qualifications) should have a low burden of guilt feelings so as to be of service to others rather than serving his own needs."

Although the assumptions are couched in a lot of sociological jargon, look behind the words and you quickly discover that the Forum's program is downright revolutionary. Most of our attitudes toward sex are a direct result of ignorance and misinformation. People live out their sex lives in almost total darkness. They usually have little idea of what are common or uncommon sexual practices. Everything other than simple coitus is considered deviant. Ignorance is one of the basic ways society has been able to stabilize sexual mores. Dispel the ignorance and you make a revolution in sexual habits inevitable. Says McIlvenna: "The Forum got into sex education because nobody else had the guts to. The Kinsey Institute is basically interested in research and while Masters & Johnson are doing some individual counseling nobody has set up a full-time realistic sex education program. How can you teach sex education without talking frankly and non-judgmentally about the subject? We show what people do, not what they ought to do." Speaking of the need for professional people to undergo realistic training program in sex, McIlvenna points out: "There is an assumption that physicians know a lot about sex. Well, where would they find out? The churches

don't teach it, the medical schools don't teach it, nobody teaches it. We've found physicians are practically as ignorant about what people actually do in bed as is the general public. Now that's a hell of a thing."

It is in the realm of theological or moral judgments that McIlvenna seems to be treading some mighty deep water. His position, put briefly, is that the church, and by direct implication all men, have a mission to "say yes to everything human. Our work is to set people free of their hang-ups. If people want to do it and nobody is hurt by it, then God yes, do it. That essentially is what God has said to man, 'Yes.' It's the church's job to create an atmosphere of freedom and movement and a sense of reinforcement for the way people live their lives."

I suppose it's a matter of the way you look at human nature. McIlvenna says: "I have a lot of faith and trust in people." I'm perfectly certain that he does, but I can't say the same for myself. Perhaps we travel in different circles.

Still, McIlvenna and the rest of the Forum's staff could hardly be classified as people who lead sheltered lives. Surely they know the other side of the love-pleasure-acceptance aspect of sex is power-degradation-submission. There is more than a bit of truth to the charge of the women liberators that sex for women often involves their being used as objects. I am positive that members of the Forum staff are well aware of such questions. I'm not so sure how they deal with them or if they do.

In the last year the Sex and Drug Forum has widened its sphere of interest to include sex education on certain campuses. Again the sessions are primarily for faculty and counselors but selected students have attended. Places like Sarah Lawrence College, Drake University and several state universities have hosted Forum seminars. It's a positive program and one that is desperately needed in our society. McIlvenna and his staff have yet to answer some fairly ultimate questions about man and his nature. How many of us have?

PHIL TRACY

"And it's healthy!"

"Sex requires commitment to oneself."

"Yes, that's what it is. Commitment. Just two consenting adults committed to themselves."

"One owes it to himself to expand his orgasmic fantasies."

"Yes, yes! To masturbate better."

"Yes, we can't be *too* concerned about the other person. Sex really should be a commitment to self."

Ho hum! Etcetera, ad nauseam.

Somehow we survive these stimulating sessions and arrive at the end—a time for summation, a wrap-up. Goldie poses the questions. "What have you learned? Have you discovered anything about yourselves? How do you feel about what you have experienced?"

The responses are slow in coming. So lest I submit further to the sophistic meanderings of my sex-is-life fellows, who never fail to render me uncharacteristically mute as soon as they begin to articulate their feelings of joy, I must speak up:

"There's some simple explanation, I'm sure, but I just can't seem to separate human sexuality from a system of values, beliefs and cultural norms."

"Sexuality," replies Goldie, "must be understood apart from morality if it is to be understood at all."

"Yeah!" one of my fellows interposes, "You've got to forget all the religious claptrap about sex. Christianity has crippled all of us."

"Maybe so," I continue, "but the reality is that for most people sexuality is bound up in a moral code and is subject to cultural constraints. So if I am to be open, sensitive and true to my gut feeling I must say that I cannot all of a sudden at 4:00 o'clock today let go my past, my philosophical *raison d'être*, just because I have attended a three-day sex marathon."

"Perhaps you cannot," intones the Guru. "However, other people can. Look around you. They have the right to gain as much understanding as they can. The only rational limitation on sexual behavior is that it take place between two consenting adults."

"To me that statement is deceptively facile." The speaker is a woman, an over-40 university professor. "I can acknowledge, without becoming morally unglued, that sexual behavior does occur, and always has, not only between consenting adults but also between curious children and even more commonly between the individual and his fantasies. But sex, precisely for the reason that it consists largely of intense feeling, is more than a physical exercise and social transaction between two people. Intense feeling, whether of anger or joy, love or hate, in any civilized society must adhere to some kind of norm which may serve, at times, to inhibit people. That's the price we pay for living with others."

"Words, words, words," answers the Guru. "The state has no right to impinge upon the sexual behavior of consenting adults. All of these norms, as you call them,

serve only to maintain Christianity's anti-sexual bias and to promote neurosis."

"The problem here is that none of us," says a young fellow, probably a student, "can look at sex objectively. It is not that kind of subject. I am hearing moral arguments from everyone here; so I believe any talk of removing moral considerations from sexuality is superficial and phony. We might as well try to discuss wine-making without reference to the grape."

"What about commitment?" interrupts the Women's Lib. "People committed to each other don't care anything about rules and legalisms. Nor should they. Love and responsibility are all that matter."

"I wonder about that," replies another woman who has vacillated between confusion and despair during the last three days. "We have heard nothing from anyone about love and responsibility. It seems to me if you remove morality from sexuality then you might as easily remove love and responsibility. I don't think I like that. In all these films we have seen—and for that matter in the lectures as well—a man's right to orgasm is defended and the woman is only an accessory to that end, a sort of inflatable mannekin which can be used when needed and otherwise stored."

At this point other women agree, but guardedly and timidly. They do not want to be put down as anti-sexual or incapable of sexual fulfillment. Even Goldie and the Guru agree that the films, made by men for men, tend to put women down. Nevertheless, this point has strangely escaped the Women's Lib, not to mention all of the men.

The discussion continues along the lines of how best to share this beautiful desensitization experience with others. People everywhere should have the opportunity to face their sexual hangups and overcome them, to wallow in the agony and the beauty of sex. But questions are raised concerning who would sponsor such programs and who would be invited. One disgruntled participant offers the opinion that no one should be subjected to such a barnyard experience in the name of education or science.

"I object to that statement," offers another participant, a physician. "This is a professional program and it is based on sound research and scientific principle."

"Where the hell have you been?" cuts in a hostile conservative, a man, obviously not a member of the 'in' crowd. "You can't be referring to the experience we've just been through. All I have seen is a series of badly done pornographic movies made for panderer's profit. And what science? We get a few selected facts from Masters and Johnson."

"The point is not what we see but the context, the atmosphere we see it in and the people with whom we view it. This is not a commercial enterprise that is selling pornography. It's not like watching sex movies at a VFW hall." The doctor is hopelessly sincere.

"It's not? The only differences I see are that the

And there is no reason in the new morality or, more properly, natural view, that says they should be. Desensitization will demand that they proceed toward more participatory approaches to the subject—or turn away from it altogether—until they reach satiation, which is really what it is all about, the goal of any sexual encounter. But then once satiation is easily achieved we shall still be searching for civilized ground rules, without which sexual-social encounters are a complete bore. Perhaps we shall achieve a culture without values, an art without standards, a society without civilization, but who will want them? The core debate between those who advocate greater freedom and those who push for responsibility comes down to an argument over whether it is a better human condition to be neurotically deprived

or neurotically satiated. Neither condition, of course, is satisfactory, but the mandate of civilization clearly favors the former. In any event, we shall never be free of our hangups about sex, any more than we shall ever be without idiosyncratic preferences in dress, politics, taxes and religious practices. And, come to think of it, I would not want it any other way.

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their way
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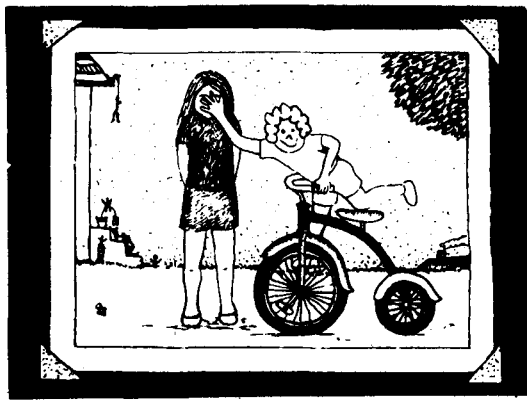


Illustration from "Elvira Everything" (Harper & Row)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A SELECTED LIST

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

CHRISTMAS

The Legend of St. Nicholas. Written and Ill. by Verna Morgenthaler. Walck. \$7.

The legend of the original St. Nicholas of Myra is illustrated with magnificent, large paintings in jeweled color that combine Renaissance pattern and splendor with a modern imaginative approach. All ages.

Mary Come Running. By Jean Merrill. Ill. by Ronni Solbert. McCall. \$4.95.

Old Rom tells of the gypsies in Bethlehem and their gifts to the Holy Family. A rhythmical, refreshing story of the Nativity with vibrant folk paintings. The music for the Spanish carol this is based on is also included. All ages.

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A persevering kitten looking for a home, and four children dying to have one, finally win Mother over at Christmas time. A captivating story without words. Color pictures. 3-6.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.

Happy's Christmas. Written and Ill. by Hardie Gramatky. Putnam. \$4.50.

A lively, loving puppy named Happy makes Christmas a time of shared delight for a lonely farmer, his wife, and their three old beagles. 4-8.

Erik and the Christmas Horse. By Hans Peterson. Ill. by Ilon Wikland. Lothrop. \$3.95.

Soft snow falls through the streets of Goteberg, candles light St. Lucia's crown, a small boy's generosity and an old man's kindness light one's heart in this beautifully illustrated Christmas story. 4-8.

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Christmas fun at home and school with Betsy, her sister Star, and Betsy's friend Billy. Miss Haywood's stories have great warmth, naturalness, and goodness; no wonder they're so popular. 7-11

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Ill. by Erik Blegvad. Coward. \$3.29.

Secretly, the Bastable children make a contraband Christmas pudding—with most unexpected results. A wise, witty story of family solidarity. 8-12.

Christmas Stories Round the World. Edited by Lois S. Johnson. Ill. by D. K. Stone. Rand McNally. \$3.95.

Christmas festivity in many lands: a large and gaily illustrated book. 8-12.

Christmas in Britain and Scandinavia. By Lillie Patterson. Ill. by Kelly Oechsli. Photos. Garrard. \$2.75.

Christmas customs, symbols, and fun from Advent time to Twelfth Night, their origins and meaning. 7-11.

RELIGION

Every Man Heart Lay Down. By Lorenz Graham. Ill. by Colleen Browning. Crowell. \$3.75.

This African version of Jesus' coming to earth is told with great dignity, vitality, and simplicity. The African speech patterns and the striking pictures give a new meaning and beauty to the timeless story. 5-10.

Joseph and Koza or The Sacrifice to the Vistula. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Symeon Shimin. Farrar. \$4.95:

A wanderer from the East brings the message of One God to Poland and saves the King's daughter from pagan sacrifice. A haunting story of faith and love. Poetic drawings. 5-9.

Patrick of Ireland. By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Putnam. \$3.29.

A dramatic narrative describing Patrick's capture by Irish raiders, his escape, and later return bringing Christianity to the pagans. 8-12.

Paul and the World's Most Famous Letters. By Rosemary Haughton. Photos. Abingdon. \$3.75.

Where Paul was when he wrote his famous letters spreading the news of Jesus, what he was trying to say, and the problems he faced. 9-14.

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The role of the Episcopal church in the development of our country as seen through profiles of some famous citizens. One of Miss Elgin's "Freedom to Worship" series which describes the major American faiths. 9-14.

Circle of Seasons. By Ann Nolan Clark. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Farrar. \$3.95.

The year of the Pueblo Indians is mirrored in these seasonal ceremonies and rituals, described by a distinguished writer who has great respect for their reverence for life. 13-80.

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A rich, thoughtful enlightening history of the Jewish faith describing the role it plays in daily life and ethics, the ways it differs from Christianity, and Zionism. Another excellent volume in World's Excalibur Series is *The Unquiet Vision: Mirrors of Existentialism* by Nathan A. Scott. Both for 14-adult.

PICTURE BOOKS

In the Night Kitchen. Written & Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. \$4.95.

Another Sendak triumph; a richly detailed, imaginative, witty dream-adventure. A perfect gift.

Elizabeth. By Liesel M. Skerpen. Ill. by Martha Alexander. Harper. \$2.95.

A girl and her doll and all they mean to each other through the year. A warm story with great understanding of human nature. Perfect pictures.

The Wonder of Hands. By Edith Baer. Photos by Tana Hoban. Parents. \$3.95.

Superb photos of hands, young and old, black and white, at work and play. A surprisingly varied picture book for the youngest that indirectly communicates the joy of life.

When Peter Was Lost in the Forest. By Hans Petersen. Ill. by Harald Wiberg. Coward McCann. \$4.29.

Exquisite paintings of a snowfilled, peaceful forest and the proud, free

animals a small boy sees.

Tell Me a Mitzi. By Lore Segal. Ill. by Harriet Pincus. Farrar. \$4.95.

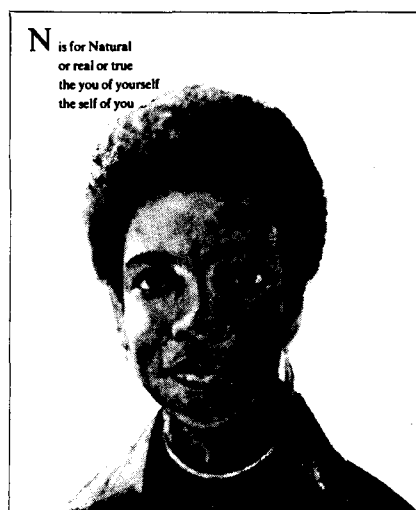
Homey, earthy, humor-filled stories of city family life with unique, impish, everyday pictures.

The Winter Child. By Lee Wyndham. Ill. by Yaroslava. Parents. \$3.50.

A snow girl brings happiness into the lives of a childless Ukrainian couple, although she must leave them every spring. Gay peasant pictures.

The Animal's Peace Day. By Jan Wahl. Ill. by Victoria Chess. Crown. \$3.95.

One autumn day the animals decide to have a fine dinner and celebrate



From "*The Black ABC's*" (Dutton)

peace. It's not that easy they find out, but they make a start.

A Firefly Named Torchy. Written & Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. \$3.50. \$4.95.

A firefly, taunted because his light is so bright, learns to appreciate his "own thing." The impressionistic, shimmering pictures make this a stunning and original book.

Hattie the Backstage Bat. Written & Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. \$3.50.

Hattie the bat becomes a theater star in this highly satisfying combination of adventure and nonsense.

The Girl and the Goatherd. Written & Ill. by Evaline Ness. Dutton. \$4.25.

Being loved is more important than being beautiful as the foolish peasant girl learns. Decorative drawings.

The Three Trees of the Samurai. By A. M. Cocagnac. Ill. by Alan Le Foll. Harlan Quist. \$4.50.

The loyalty and generosity of an old warrior are finally rewarded in this Japanese tale with distinguished drawings by a famous artist.

Elvira Everything. Written and Ill. by Frank Asch. Harper. \$2.95.

A hilarious yet somber spoof about a robot-like doll that Mother and Father begin to like better than their own daughter. Kids will love the cartoon-like drawing in this exposé of our mechanized age.

Uptown. Written and Ill. by John Steptoe. Harper. \$3.50.

Two Harlem boys, imagining what they will do when they grow up, decide like most boys everywhere they don't know yet. The black speech rhythms and the striking paintings, even stronger and richer than Mr. Steptoe's first, make this a most eloquent book.

Hi, New Baby. By Andrew C. Andry and Suzanna C. Kratka. Ill. by Thomas de Grazia. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

The best book I have seen to date to prepare a first child for the coming of a new baby. Sensitive drawings.

FOLK AND FAIRY TALES

The Angry Moon. Retold by William Sleator. Ill. by Blair Lent. Atlantic/Little Brown. \$4.95.

The most stunning, and original picture book of the season. Vibrant, imaginative paintings and a spare and thrilling text tell how two Indian children, aided by old Grandmother's magic outwit the angry moon. 4-8.

Jim and the Beanstalk. Written & Ill. by Raymond Briggs. Coward. \$4.95.

A hilarious, modern sequel to the famous tale. This time *Jim* climbs the magic beanstalk and finds an aging giant. Wonderful pictures. 4-8.

Painting the Moon: A Folktale from Estonia. Retold by Carl Withers. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Dutton. \$4.95.

How the man got on the moon; a delightful tale new to American readers, with lovely paintings. 4-8.

Vasila the Beautiful. Trans. from the Russian by Thomas Whitney. Ill. by Nonny Hogrogian. Macmillan, \$4.95.

An enchanting version of Cinderella with beautiful color drawings. 5-9.

Three Rolls and One Doughnut. Fables from Russia retold by Mirra Ginsburg. Ill. by Anita Lobel. Dial. \$4.50.

Foolish rogues, wise peasants, vain animals: a collection of witty, merry tales, delightfully illustrated. 5-9.

Dick Whittington. Retold by Kathleen Lines, with notes on sources. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Walck. \$4.95.

Skillful retelling by a folktale expert and many color drawings by a distinguished illustrator. 6-9.

Stupid Peter and Other Tales. By Helen Kronberg Olson. Ill. by Jack and Irene Delano. Random. \$3.95.

Wonderful story-telling and witty drawings. 7-11.

Let's Steal the Moon: Jewish Tales Ancient and Recent. Retold by Blanche Luria Serwer. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Little Brown. \$3.95.

Witches tales, full of humor and practical advice. Great for reading aloud. 8-12.

The Master of the Winds and Other Tales from Siberia. By Mirra Ginsburg. Crown. \$4.95.

These fascinating tales of the reindeer herders and fishermen in Siberia not only make exciting reading but picture the struggle for existence in the stormy North. 8-12.

EASY READING FOR AGES 7-11

Bread-and-Butter Journey. By Anne Colver. Ill. by Garth Williams. Holt. \$3.95.

There is a great charm to incom-

parable Garth Williams' drawings and to master-storyteller Colver's tale of a girl and her family trekking west through the wilderness.

Susanna's Candlestick. By Lillie V. Albrecht. Ill. by Lois Woehr. Hastings. \$4.44.

Susanna's candlestick—a keepsake from England—gives her courage as she faces hardship and heartbreak in the new world, and finally finds friends.

The Day They Gave Babies Away. By Dale Eunson. Ill. by Douglas Gorsline. Farrar, Straus. \$3.95.

A poignant, true story of courage and family solidarity laid in Wisconsin in the 1860's when 12-year-old Robbie has to find homes for his orphaned brothers and sisters.

Sarah Somebody. By Florence Slobodkin. Ill. by Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard. \$3.95.

Sarah is one of the first girls in her Polish community to go to school, and to her pride and Grandma's, who has always wished she could read and write, Sarah is a "somebody" at last. A warm story of friendship between the generations.

Daddy Long Legs. By Matt Christopher. Ill. by Harvey Kidder. Little. \$3.50.

Just what a young boy longs for: a real school sports story that is not too hard to read. Good basketball action; good characters too.

It's Wings That Make Birds Fly: The Story of a Boy. Text and Photo by Sandra Weiner. Pantheon. \$3.95.

Sensitive photo story of the year of

a black boy in a big city ghetto: school, family, troubles, fun, pride. Rhythmic text, fine photos.

STORIES FOR AGES 9-12

(George). Written and Ill. by E. L. Konigsburg. Atheneum. \$4.95.

A psychological novel, a school story, a mystery, a tale for science buffs; this book will say many things to many readers and is written with great craft, insight and humor.

Juan. By Mary Stolz. Ill. by Louis S. Glanzman. Harper. \$3.95.

A moving story of love, dreams, and sacrifices, and a restless Mexican boy in a Catholic orphanage.

Catch as Catch Can. By Josephine Poole. Ill. by Kiyo Komoda. Harper. \$3.95.

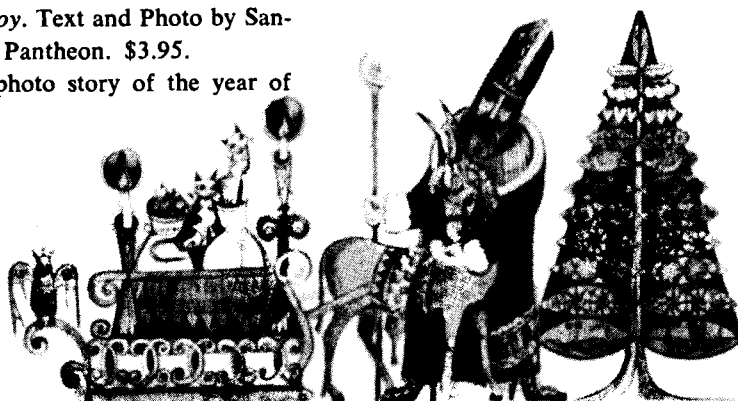
A boy and girl race against time and tides in this superb story of terror and suspense. This would make a grand movie.

Charlie. By Joan G. Robinson. Ill. by Prudence Seward. Coward. \$4.95.

Charlie, a girl who believes nobody wants her, learns many things the summer she runs away and camps out on her own. Well-rounded characters.

The Half Sisters. By Natalie Savage Carlson. Ill. by Thomas di Grazia. Harper. \$3.95.

Girls will love this novel, as indeed did I, about a 12-year-old girl who longs to be accepted by her older sisters. A poignant story based on Mrs.



From "The Legend of St. Nicholas" (Walck)

Carlson's own Maryland childhood.

The Loner. By Bianca Bradbury. Ill. by John Greer. Houghton. \$3.50.

Shy Jay gains faith in himself through his job at the marina, and finally makes friends with his older brother. Appealing seaside detail.

The Trumpet of the Swan. By E. B. White. Ill. by Edward Frascino. Harper. \$4.50.

What better Christmas present than this new fantasy by beloved E. B. White.

Bambi: A Life in the Woods. By Felix Salten. Ill. by Barbara Cooney. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

Bambi the deer: a sensitively illustrated edition of a favorite classic.

Gloomy Gus. By Walt Morey. Dutton. \$4.95.

Erik fights to save from an unscrupulous circus-owner the orphaned Kodiak cub that he brought up.

Wolf Hunt. By Walter D. Edmonds. Ill. by William Sauts Bock. Little. \$4.50.

Life on the frontier as a boy and his uncle stalk a wolf through the snow, each with something special to prove to himself. Strong, terse writing with a sure knowledge of humankind, and sharp, graceful drawings with a love of the outdoors. Mr. Edmonds' recent collection, *Seven American Stories* (Little. \$6.95) also makes a handsome Christmas gift.

The Golden Keys. By Hans Koningsberger. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Doubleday. \$3.95.

A fast-paced historical novel about a real boy who sailed with the explorer Barents to the Arctic, facing great danger there, then to Cathay.

Mindy's Mysterious Miniatures. By Jane Louise Curry. Ill. by Charles Robinson. Harcourt. \$4.50.

A thrilling, haunting, ingenious fantasy—a girl and an old lady are captured and shrunk to dollhouse size.



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Take My Waking Slow

By GUNILLA NORRIS, drawings by JOHN GUNDELFINGER. Life in a city project started as a nightmare for Richie. 10-14. \$4.25

The Long Journey

By BARBARA CORCORAN, drawings by CHARLES ROBINSON. Amazing wonders, like bathtubs, await Laurie outside her isolated mountain home. 8-12. \$4.95

From Many Lands

By ALBERTA EISEMAN. Why immigrants came, and what they found here. 10-14. \$6.75

The King's Road

By CECELIA HOLLAND, drawings by RICHARD CUFFARI. Frederick II, when he was a street urchin in Palermo. 8-12. \$4.95

A Moment of Silence

By PIERRE JANSSEN, translated by WILLIAM TYLER. World War II in the Netherlands, a plea for peace and freedom. 10 up. \$4.25

(George)

Written and illustrated by E. L. KONIGSBURG. George lived inside Ben, a friend and sometimes a foe. 9-13. \$4.95

The Wind is Round

Compiled by SARA HANNUM and JOHN TERRY CHASE, drawings by RON BOWEN. An anthology of modern nature poetry. 11 up. \$4.75



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Excellent characterization.

The Prince in Waiting. By John Christopher. Macmillan. \$4.95.

In this gripping and most convincing story of the future, the world has returned to a feudal state. There are a compelling young hero, action and intrigue, and much food for thought.

TEENAGE FICTION

Brothers and Sisters: Modern Stories by Black Americans. Edited by Arnold Adoff. Macmillan. \$5.95.

An excellent, varied, and forceful collection of stories about the black experience, many of them by gifted new writers. Biographical notes.

I Was a Black Panther. As told to Chuck Moore. Photos. Doubleday. \$3.50.

How and why a high school boy gets involved with the Black Panthers and where it leads him. In novel form, this true story "tells it like it is" and raises many questions.

Sing Down the Moon. By Scott O'Dell. Houghton. \$3.75.

Uprooted when the white soldiers drive them from their Canyon home, a Navajo girl and her betrothed fight to maintain the will to live. A tragic yet beautiful story.

Leo the Lioness. By Constance C. Greene. Viking. \$3.95.

Real life doesn't always measure up to one's ideals as 13-year-old Tib and her older sister, just beginning to go out with boys, discover one frustrating, sad-funny summer.

Vibrations. By George Woods. Harper. \$3.95.

"What good am I?" A sensitive teenager looks back at his past and gains new insight into himself and his parents. George Woods has a keen ear for teenage language. A fine first novel.

Run Softly, Go Fast. By Barbara Werbsa. Atheneum. \$4.95.

This outstanding novel, that will be

read by adults as well as kids, deals honestly with anger and disillusionment between establishment parents and idealistic teenagers, with drugs, escapism, love, and the enormous need for unshrinking self-evaluation and communication.

The Mimosa Tree. By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Lippincott. \$3.95.

A resourceful, 14-year-old girl with a blind father somehow manages to hold her motherless family together when they are abandoned in a city slum, and to find a way they can live with integrity. Excellent.

The Skiers of Ste. Celeste. By Diana Walker. Abelard. \$4.50.

Girls will long to follow in Michelle's footsteps and help start a ski resort. A romance laid in Canada.

Danny Rowley. By Reginald Maddock. Little. \$4.95.

When Danny, hurt because his mother is remarrying, lets loose his rage and gets in trouble, it is the Negro boys, taunted by the community, who help him. A strong, honest story of a boy maturing, with many overtones.

The Giant Under the Snow. By John Gordon. Ill. by Rocco Negri. Harper. \$3.95.

Two teenage boys and a girl become involved in a weird mystery with roots in ancient times, and a terrifying struggle between good and evil.

The Bridge to the Other Side. By Monika Kotowska. Trans. by Maia Wojciechowska. Doubleday. \$4.50.

Hopefully these bitter but compassionate stories about children growing up during World War II and the Nazi occupation, and the terrible ways war warps them, will lead young readers to dedicate themselves to peace.

The White Cockade. Witches Sabbath. By Alexander Cordell. Viking. Each \$4.50.

Two rousing, romantic novels of intrigue and suspense laid in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798.

BIOGRAPHY

Frederick Douglass. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Joel Snider. Putnam. \$2.68.

Life as a slave was hard, but nothing could break Fred's spirit, and when he escaped to freedom he spent the rest of his life helping free others. A gripping, easy reading biography for ages 7-9. A good, full biography of Douglass for teenagers is *Black Crusader* by Corrine Hoexter. Rand. \$4.95.

Cesar Chavez. By Ruth Franchere. Ill. by Earl Thellander. Crowell. \$3.75.

The inspiring leader of the migrant workers and his battle for respect and justice for his people. A revealing portrait of poverty, U.S.A. 8-10.

The Bannekers of Bannaky Springs. By Delores Harrison. Ill. by David Hodges. Hawthorn. \$4.25.

A captured Sengalese prince, sold as a slave in Maryland, was the grandfather of Benjamin Banneker, scholar, scientist, mathematician, and one of the planners of Washington. A dramatic account of the family's perseverance, kindness and fame. 8-11.

Prince Henry the Navigator and the Highways of the Sea. By Thomas Caldecott Chubb. Maps. Viking. \$4.95.

A rich tapestry of 15th century life, the explorers sent south by far-sighted Prince Henry, and Da Gama, their heir, who made Henry's dream of reaching India come true. 11-15.

Gandhi: Peaceful Fighter. By Elizabeth Rider Montgomery. *Queen Victoria: English Empress.* By Sally Glendinning. Prints and Photos. Garrard. Each \$2.98.

Two dramatic, carefully researched, warm, rounded, personal biographies, the first in Garrard's new "Century Books" series about famous world leaders. These are handsome books with many illustrations.

Tito of Yugoslavia. By Ruth Franchere. Photos. Macmillan. \$4.95.

A valuable narrative describing the

events that shaped Tito's philosophy and career, and making him and the Yugoslavians come very much to life. 12-16.

The Clock, the Balance and The Guillotine. By Andrew Susac. Doubleday. \$3.95.

Mr. Susac's skill as a poet, playwright and teacher, helps make this life of Antoine LaVoisier, the famous chemist, extremely readable. Indirectly, this is a portrait, of upheaval during the French Revolution. 12-16.

John Steinbeck. By Richard O'Connor. McGraw. \$4.95.

Steinbeck's life and the background of his books. Fills a real need as no other junior biography of him. 13-20.

A Mighty Hard Road: The Woody Guthrie Story. By Henrietta Yurchenco. Assisted by Marjorie Guthrie. Photos. McGraw. \$4.95.

A heartbreaking, inspiring story that every teenager will want to read. Not only describes Woody's career and his family life, but the hard road through the Depression, and what folk music can say and mean to people. 13-80.

Leader at Large: The Long and Fighting Life of Norman Thomas. By Charles Gorham. Photos. Farrar. \$4.95.

An outstanding, impassioned biography of the spirited crusader who never lost his ideals or his good humor during his long and often successful fight for social justice. Thomas will speak to today's young adults as if he were one of them. 13-adult.

THE UNITED STATES

The Black A B C's. By Lucille Clifton. Ill. by Don Miller. Dutton. \$3.95.

D is for Douglass, J is for Jazz, O is for Organize: black men, their culture, and ways they have enriched American life. An eloquent combination of prose and poetry with graphic wash drawings. 7-11.

When Jamestown Was a Colonial Capital. By Mary E. Andrews. Mr. Jeffer-

Viking Junior Books

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Monkey antics are especially funny when monkeys imitate people, with a pedlar's pack of props for their mischievous parody. Handsomely illustrated with four-color paintings.

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The story of an engaging bat who swoops into the lime-light and steals the bravos of the audience.

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THE DAY THE GANG GOT RICH

by William Kotzwinkle

Illustrated by Joe Servello

A book that perfectly captures the joyful exuberance of children everywhere, when suddenly, for only for a day, they are rich.

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son's Washington. By Esther M. Douty. *When Americans Came to New Orleans.* Prints and drawings. Garrard. Each \$2.90.

Life in early America made vivid and immediate. Many pictures. 8-11.

Who Discovered America? By Patricia Lauber. Photos, prints, maps. Random. \$4.95.

Long before Columbus, many people discovered America as this fascinating scientific treasure hunt for clues to our history reveals. 11-16.

New World Beginnings: Indian Cultures in the Americas. By Olivia Vlahos. Ill. by George Ford. Viking. \$6.50.

Olivia Vlahos has an enormous enthusiasm for her subject and a great gift for making the reader feel he has lived with these diverse Indian groups, both past and present. 13-adult.

From Many Lands. By Alberta Eise-
man. Photos, Prints. Atheneum. \$6.75.

American immigrants, their joys and disappointments in the "promised land," and their vital contribution to the development of our nation. An important story told with honesty and zest. 12-18.

*Hawks, Doves and the Eagle: Amer-
ica's Struggle For and Against War.* By
Jules Archer. Ill. by Erwin Schachner.
Hawthorn. \$4.75.

Hawks, doves and American foreign policy from Colonial times on with special emphasis on 20th-century wars and the growing role of pacifism. An alert, invaluable survey. 12-18.

The Coming of the Cold War. By Robert Goldston. Photos. Macmillan. \$4.50.

Concisely, eloquently, dispassionately, Goldston traces American-Russian relationships from the Russian Revolution on that led to the development of the Cold War. Invaluable. 13-18.

Greetings: You are Hereby Ordered for Induction. By Robert Liston. McGraw. \$5.50.

This history of the draft in America, exemptions, evasions, possible alternatives and present-day controversy will be of special interest to boys nearing 19.

Vandalism: The Not-So-Senseless Crime. By Arnold Madison. Seabury. \$4.95.

Motives behind current vandalism with real incidents as examples, and ways schools, communities and individuals can curb the destruction. 13-80.

OTHER LANDS—PAST AND PRESENT

Gifts from the Greeks: Alpha to Omega. By Sophia A. Boyer and Winifred Lubell. Photos, prints. Rand. \$4.95.

Daily life and arts in ancient Greece,

and the Greeks' contribution to western culture. A wealth of information, decoratively presented. 11-16.

The Khmers of Cambodia. By I. G. Edmonds. Photos. Bobbs. \$5.

The culture of the Khmers who ruled Cambodia in ancient times, plus life in 20th-century Cambodia up to the invasion last spring. A people we need to know more about. 13-18.

Victorian People in Life and Literature. By Gillian Avery. Prints and Photos. Holt. \$6.50.

An absolutely fascinating book; I didn't want to put it down. Daily life and morals among all classes of Englishmen, from princes to paupers, are described in a scholarly yet gossipy fashion, with intriguing examples from novels. 14-adult.

The Philippines' Fight for Freedom. By Jules Archer. Photos. Crowell- Collier, \$4.95.

The Philippines' struggle for independence through three occupations: Spanish, U.S., and Japanese, and the islands' role in American foreign policy. Good reporting. 13-18.

The Taming of Israel's Negev. By Cecil P. Golann. Photos. Messner. \$5.50.

This fascinating account of the miracles wrought in the Negev desert gives one hope for man's future. 9-14.

Asegir of Iceland. By Howard Liss. Photos by Ingeborg Lippman. Messner. \$3.95.

Now that many tourists are going to Iceland this should be a welcome book. Superb photos of the countryside and the day-to-day life of a farm family. 8-11.

This Hungry World. By Elizabeth S. Helfman. Photos. Lothrop. \$4.50.

Hunger the world over and what man can do to try and control it through better use of resources, new foods and population control. An important book about the number-one problem facing world peace. 11-16.

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NATURE, SCIENCE, HEALTH

The Beaver Pond. By Alvin Tresselt. Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. \$4.50.

A beavers' pond and all the wildlife it maintains; lovely paintings in this introduction to ecology.. 4-8.

The Tiny Seed. Written and Ill. by Eric Carle. Crowell. \$4.50.

The life cycle of a flowering plant. Poetic text, brilliant pictures. 4-8.

Do You Know What I Know? Written and Ill. by Helen Borten. Abelard. \$4.95.

An imaginative picture book with striking color and design, describing the five ways of sensing. 4-8.

Pippa the Cheetah and her Cubs. Text and Photos by Joy Adamson. Harcourt. \$4.95.

A motherless cheetah brought up by Mrs. Adamson of "Elsa" fame and then returned to the wild with her cubs. The beguiling, huge photos make one long for such a pet. All Ages.

Little Calf. By Victor G. Scheffer. Ill. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Scribners. \$5.95.

Keen observation and vigorous poetic writing describe the year of a young whale migrating through the oceans, experiencing violence and calm and the cycle of his herd. 9-13.

Math Menagerie. By Robert Kadesch. Drawings, Photos. Harper. \$4.50.

Twenty-five fun experiments reveal math's usefulness and beauty. 12-80.

Ride the Ice Down. By Terry Shannon. and Charles Payzant. Photos. Golden Gate. \$4.50.

Arctic ice, its formation and hazard, and how Canadian and U.S. ice-breakers, including the most recent *Manhattan*, forge their way through the Northwest Passage to promote trade and scientific knowledge. 9-13.

The Challenge of the Seafloor. By Adelaide Field. Photos. Houghton. \$3.75.

The development and use of the sub-

marine for scientific purposes as climaxed by the dramatic accomplishments of the *Alvin*. A plea for ecology as well as a paean to the wonders of the ocean floor. Most readable. 10-15.

The World of American Caves. By David Harrison. Photos. Reilly. \$4.95.

An intriguing tour of American caves, giving their history, structure and discovery. 12-18.

Sixth Sense. Written and Ill. by Larry Kettlekamp. Morrow. \$3.75.

Different psychic phenomena, and experiments conducted to test them. Kids will want to try the simple, safe experiments suggested. 10-15.

What You Should Know About Drugs. By Dr. Charles Gorodetzky & Dr. Samuel Christian. Photos. Harcourt. \$4.95.

Plain facts in plain language about the drugs most commonly abused, why and how people start using them, and how to stop. Actual case histories; amazing color photos. Written in a way that will reach the youngsters. 10-up.

Sex: Telling It Straight. By Eric W. Johnson. Drawings. Lippincott. \$3.95.

A frank, full account of the complete sexual experience with practical advice for teenagers on problems they may face. Mr. Johnson is an authority on sex education. 12-up.

POETRY AND HUMOR

River Winding. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Regina Shekeljian. Abelard. \$3.95.

Rivers, leaves, bedtime, change; wind and time blow through these sensitive little poems. The dreamlike, exquisitely patterned drawings add to the mood and loveliness. 5-10.

City Talk. Compiled by Lee Hopkins. Photos by Roy Arenella. Knopf. \$3.95.

These haiku-like cinquains by children from the inner city are amazingly good; and with the impressionistic photographs make a rare window into their life and thought. 6-12.

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The Way of Silence: The Prose and Poetry of Basho. Edited by Richard Lewis. Photos by Helen Buttfeld. Dial. \$4.95.

A book to return to again and again. The reverence for nature, and the serenity and distillation of life in the haiku and sensitive prose, are exquisitely matched by the shimmering and lovely photographs. All ages.

Finding a Poem. By Eve Merriam. Ill. by Seymour Chwast. Atheneum. \$5.95.

Witty, sometimes biting poems examine the personal and political experience of modern life. There is also an enthralling article on How to Write a Poem, following the stages in one of Eve Merriam's own. 9-adult.

The Sandburg Treasury. By Carl Sandburg. Introd. by Paula Sandburg. Ill. by Paul Bacon. Harcourt. \$7.95.

Sandburg's poetry for young people, *Early Moon* and *Wind Song*, along with his autobiography *Prairie Town Boy*, the complete *Rootabaga Stories*, and *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*. All ages. Also published by Harcourt is a biography for teenagers, *Carl Sandburg, Yes* by scholarly W. C. Rogers. Photographs. \$4.95.

The Nonsense Book. Collected by Duncan Emrich. Ill. by Ib Ohlsson. Four Winds. \$6.50.

Riddles, game - rhymes, teasing rhymes, tongue-twisters, puzzles, and jokes from American folklore. A big, gaily decorated book. All ages.

ART

The Art of Colonial America. By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerald Nook. Reproductions. Macmillan. \$5.95.

Sure to be one of the most popular in Miss Glubok's superb series, this indirectly mirrors colonial life. 8 up.

Children in the World's Art. By Marion Downer. Illustrated with Museum Photographs. Lothrop. \$5.95.

Children in paintings, sculpture, tapestries and prints from Egypt to today. An appealing introduction to art

by a wise, gifted critic. 10-up.

The Miracle of Greek Sculpture. Written and Ill. by C. W. Anderson. Dutton. \$6.95.

The 47 graceful drawings and the brief explanatory text convey the author-artist's joy in Greek sculpture. 9-16.

Greek & Roman Art. By Ariana Ruskin and Michael Batterberry. *Art of the Early Renaissance.* By Michael Batterberry. *Art of the High Renaissance.* By Ariane Ruskin. Reproductions in full color. McGraw. Each \$9.95.

These histories of art, each with over 200 stunning color plates, make superb Christmas gifts. 12-adult.

MUSIC, DRAMA, DANCE

Jim Along, Josie: A Collection of Folk Songs and Singing Games for Young Children. Compiled by Nancy and John Langstaff. Ill. by Jan Pienkowski. Harcourt. \$5.50.

Accompaniments for piano, guitar and simple percussion instruments. Invaluable for home and school.

Sally Go Round the Sun. Collected by Edith Fowke. Music arranged by Kieth MacMillan. Ill. by Carlos Marchiori. Doubleday. \$6.95.

300 children's songs, rhymes, and musical games—a treasure trove for parties and rainy days. 4-10.

The Erie Canal. Ill. by Peter Spier. Doubleday. \$4.50.

Charming, large color-pictures accompany the words and music of a favorite folksong. A look-at book for 4-7 as well as a songbook for everyone.

Bells and their Music. With a Recording of Bell Sounds. By Wendell Westcott. Photos, Prints. Putnam. \$5.96.

Bells through history in church and town, and the art of bell-making. A unique survey by a carillon and handbell expert. 13-adult.

The Russian Ballet School. Text and

Photos by Leon Harris. Atheneum. \$4.75.

You don't have to be a ballet student to be intrigued by these marvelous photos and the day-to-day account of dedicated young Russian dancers who live and train in special schools from age 10 up. 8-13.

Play A Part. By Bernice Carlson. Ill. by Catherine Scholz. Abingdon. \$5.95.

Puppet plays, skits, scenes from books and history, gay modern dramas: complete text, how to put them on, how to think yourself into the parts. Real fun for school and neighborhood. 8-12.

SPORTS AND HOBBIES

The Mets from Mobile. By A. S. "Doc" Young. Photos. Harcourt. \$4.25.

Cleon Jones and Tommy Agee, the black stars who did so much to help the Mets win their "impossible dream" in 1969. Top sports reporting. 10-18.

The Great Golfers. By Rex Lardner. Putnam. \$3.64. *Great Dragging Wagons.* By Ross R. Olney. Photos. Putnam. \$3.86.

Two graphic, fast-moving sports books that boys will eat up. 10-16.

Stitch by Stitch: Needlework for Beginners. Written and Ill. by Carolyn Meyer. Harcourt. \$4.50.

From beginning to elaborate stitches, fun projects included, among them a Christmas sampler and a notebook cover. Clear instructions. 10 up.

Keeping the Plants You Pick. Written and Ill. by Laura Louise Foster. Crowell \$4.95.

Gathering, preserving, arranging and pressing flowers, and things to make with them such as mats, pictures, lampshades. A lovely-looking book, and a new hobby for the whole family.

Secret Writing: The Craft of the Cryptographer. By James Raymond Wolfe. Diagrams. McGraw. \$4.50.

Codes and ciphers, and how to make

and break them. Try it out! 12-adult.

REFERENCE

The Young Children's Encyclopedia. 16 volumes. Illustrations in color. Encyclopaedia Britannica. Set. \$59.70.

Preschool children through age 10 will be delighted to have an encyclopedia just for them. Simple stories about animals, plants, inventions, places, people, great events, community life etc. Stories and poems too. Profusely illustrated in full color.

Guinness Book of World Records. By Morris and Ross McWhirter. Photos. Sterling. \$4.95.

The biggest, smallest, loudest, coldest, strongest etc. in sports, science, architecture, business etc. from the shortest snake to the fastest talker. My son grabbed this and spent hours poring over it instead of doing his homework. Useful and useless information to captivate all ages.

From Childhood to Childhood: Children's Books and Their Creators. By Jean Karl. John Day. \$6.50.

A children's book from ms. to finished product, and what makes a good one. An invaluable volume for authors, illustrators, publishers, librarians and parents by an outstanding children's books editor noted for her craftsmanship, insight, and imagination.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 187)

As to the reality of events in the film, they are not to be judged as real. They are Hogarthian, Daumierian, Rabelaisian, Kafkan caricatures that reduce war's complicated absurdities to the simple and personal, hence incredible. Unfortunately their medium—wide-screen color film—is still too realistic for the purpose. Film is the only artistic medium that was complex from its beginning and hasn't yet achieved simplicity.

LEON LUKASZEWSKI

20 November 1970: 207

SING DOWN THE MOON

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